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VOODAH



WHEN VOODAH AGREED TO GUIDE BRETT AND ROYCE HARVEY ON A RHINO HUNT, HE HAD NO WARNING THAT THE CHASE WOULD CAUSE BAD BLOOD BETWEEN THE HARVEY SAFARI AND HIS OWN PEACEFUL NATIVE VILLAGE. BUT AFTER TWO NATIVES AND A WHITE MAN MET VIOLENT DEATH, VOODAH FOUND HIMSELF ACCUSED OF VENGEFUL, COLD-BLOODED MURDER!

ANTHONY CATALDO

THE HORN-NOSED MONSTER DEALS SUDDEN DEATH TO VOODAH'S BRAVEST SPEARMAN!



THAT FOOL NATIVE RAN RIGHT ACROSS THE RHINO'S CHARGE, VOODAH. I COULDN'T SHOOT UNTIL THE BEAST TURNED.



NO, BWANA! YOU
NOT TAKE GOOD
SHOT BEFORE
RHINO KILL DAKARO!

WATCH OUT!
HE'S STUMBLING
-- BUT HE
MAY NEED
ANOTHER BULLET!

PUT ANOTHER
SHOT IN HIM,
BRETT, TO
MAKE SURE
HE'S DEAD.
YOUR BROTHER
MADE A
TERRIBLE
MISTAKE!

I KNOW ROYCE
SHOULDN'T
HAVE HELD
HIS FIRE
SO LONG!

BUT ROYCE
DIDN'T DELIB-
ERATELY LET
THE RHINO
GORE THE
NATIVE. ROYCE
IS RECKLESS
AND UNRELIABLE,
BUT HE'S NOT
CRUEL.

I HEARD HIM
USE VERY
CRUEL LAN-
GUAGE LAST
SPRING --
WHEN YOU
WERE MADE
EXECUTOR
OF THE
CRUEL
LEFT BY YOUR
FATHER!



I LEAVE YOU NOW
AN' TAKE DAKARO
TO VILLAGE FOR
FUNERAL DANCE.

DON'T GIVE YOUR NATIVES
ANY CRAZY IDEAS,
VOODAH. IT WASN'T
MY FAULT I COULDN'T
SHOOT SOONER!

YOU AGREED TO GUIDE OUR
SAFARI TO THE WAGON
TRAIL ON THE VELDT.
WE WON'T PAY YOU
UNLESS YOU KEEP
YOUR WORD!



WHY IS VOODAH
QUITTING? NOT
THAT I BLAME
HIM AFTER YOUR
STUPID BLUNDER!

BLUNDER? BUT I COULDN'T
SHOOT THE RHINO
SOONER! VOODAH
AND THE OTHER
NATIVES ARE TAKING
THE DEAD ONE
BACK FOR BURIAL.

HUNTER LET DAKARO
BE BAIT FOR RHINO,
YOU THINK, VOODAH?

MASSAY SO, DAKARO
SPIRIT COME BACK
AND CURSE HUNTER.



WE'LL RUN INTO TROUBLE
NOW THAT VOODAH
HAS QUIT. NONE OF
OUR PORTERS KNOWS
THE ROUTE TO THE
WAGON TRAIL, BRETT.

DON'T WORRY, SUE,
ROYCE HAS A GOOD
SENSE OF DIRECTION.
IF ANYTHING SHOULD
HAPPEN TO ME, HE'D
TAKE CARE OF YOU.



TAKE CARE OF
YOURSELF THEN. YOU
KNOW I NEITHER LIKE
HIM OR TRUST HIM!

HERE COMES
ROYCE NOW
SOMETHING'S
WRONG!



DRUMS BEATING IN VOODAH'S
VILLAGE! NATIVES MUST
BE PLenty MAD OVER
THAT RHINO ACCIDENT.
WE'LL HAVE TO POST EXTRA
SENTRIES - AND STAND
GUARD OURSELVES TONIGHT -
IN CASE THEY ATTACK!

THAT NIGHT WHILE THE BROTHERS STAND GUARD,

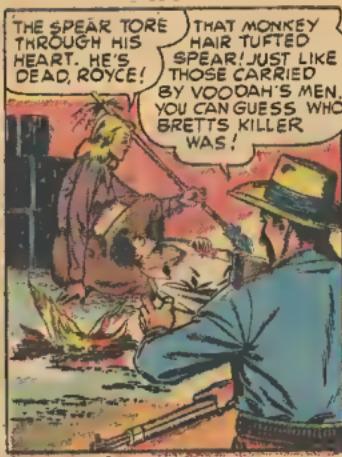
BRETT! BRETT!
WHAT HAPPENED?



BRETT! GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S
FALLING STRAIGHT TOWARD
THE FIRE!

THAT SNEAKIN' JACKAL - VOODAH!
HE THREW THE SPEAR, THINKING
IT WAS I. NOT BRETT!







WE WAIT TILL BWANA ROYCE RUN UP AHEAD-- THEN WE CATCH REAR GUARD FROM FRONT FOR THEY WATCH ONLY BEHIND THEM!



NO SEE SIGN OF VOODAH!



BWANA ROYCE MAKE MUCH TROUBLE FOR ME. YOU TELL ME WHY.

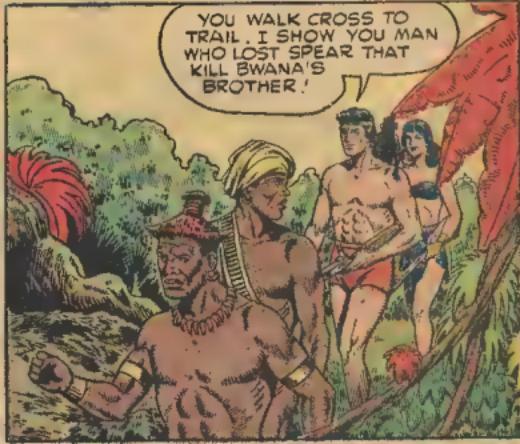
VOO-OOODAH! YOU NOT KILL ME! I YOUR FRIEND!



BWANA SAY YOU THROW SPEAR THAT KILL HIS BROTHER IN SAFARI CAMP. BWANA SAY YOU MAKE REVENGE FOR DAKARO WHO DIE BY RHINO HORN.



YOU WALK CROSS TO TRAIL. I SHOW YOU MAN WHO LOST SPEAR THAT KILL BWANA'S BROTHER!



HIM DIE BY BULLET NOT LONG AFTER DARK. HIM DIE BEFORE BWANA'S BROTHER GET SPEAR IN BACK!



MAN WHO KILL HIM AND TAKE SPEAR WAS THE MAN WHO KILL THE BWANA'S BROTHER. I GIVE YOU BACK GUNS IF YOU TAKE BODY TO YOUR BWANA AND TELL HIM WHAT I TELL YOU.



MEANWHILE ROYCE HARVEY'S ARMED BAND REACHES VOODAH'S VILLAGE...

DESERTED! VOODAH MUST HAVE HAD WARNING OF OUR APPROACH. FIRE A VOLLEY INTO THE HUTS, BOYS!

SPEARS! WATCH OUT, BOYS! THE NATIVES ARE SPRINGING AN AMBUSH ON US!

THEY'RE HIDING IN THE DENSE BRUSH! LET THEM FOLLOW US BACK TO OPEN GROUND AN' WE'LL SLAUGHTER 'EM!

WHILE IN THE PATH OF ROYCE'S FLIGHT...

THE TWO DID NOT CARRY NYALTO FAR IF BWANA ROYCE BRINGS HIS MEN BACK THIS WAY, I PLAY JUJU TRICK ON HIM!

HOW WERE VOODAH'S VILLAGERS WARNED THAT WE WERE COMING TO Avenge HIS MURDER OF MY BROTHER?

WHY YOU ASK SIMPLE QUESTION, BWANA? IF VOODAH KILLED YOUR BROTHER, HE'D WARN HIS PEOPLE TO BE ON GUARD FOR YOU!

YOU'RE TOO WISE, G'JUTA! DON'T QUESTION MY STATEMENTS! I SAW VOODAH THROW THE SPEAR THAT KILLED BRETT! NO ONE CAN ACCUSE ME!

OUR REAR GUARDS!
WHERE'VE THEY BEEN?
MUST'VE BEEN DELAYED
BY AN AMBUSH!

VOODAH AND
JUNGLE GIRL SHOW
US BODY OF MAN
WHO KILL BWANA'S
BROTHER. WE
BRING BODY. BUT
WE DROP HIM
WHEN WE HEAR
GUNS!

THAT
VOODAH'S A
WISE ONE.
TRYING TO
SHIFT THE
GUILT TO A
DEAD MAN.
SHOW ME
THE BODY!

DEAD ABOUT
TEN HOURS, EH?
RIGOR MORTIS
TAKES LONGER
IN THE TROPICS.

HE DIE BY
BULLET,
BWANA, BUT
VOODAH NO
HAS GUNS!

YOU KILLED ME,
BWANA ROYCE!



THE TRICK, WITH STRING NOT
WORK, WE RUN FASTER, THAN
HE TO SAFARI CAMP BY
TRAIL. HE NOT DARE GO
BY TRAIL.



HOLD, ZANZI! A HORN
NOSED ONE CATCHES
OUR SCENT!







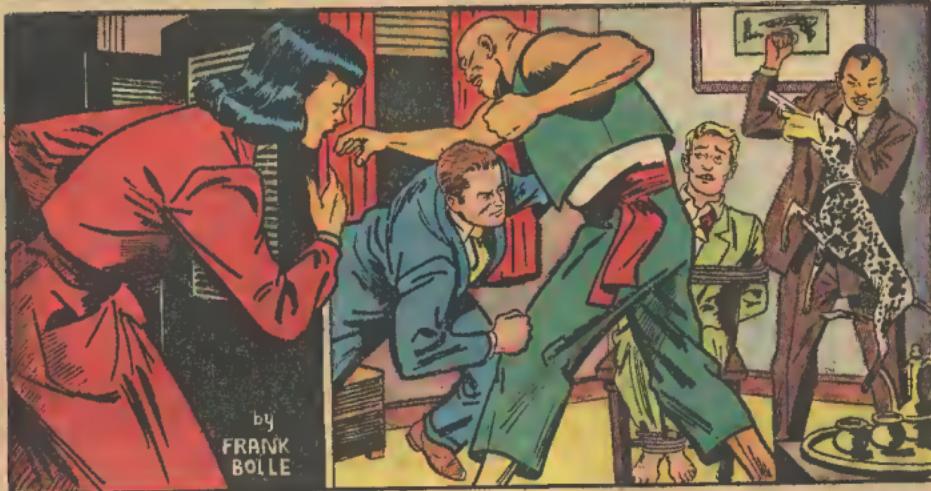
OLD STORY.
BROTHER KILL
BROTHER.
MISSIONARY
MAN TELL US
'BOUT BROTHERS
CAIN AN' ABEL.



VIC CUTTER

MR. ASHLEY, THE MILLIONAIRE ART COLLECTOR, IS SENDING VIC CUTTER TO SAN FRANCISCO TO RECEIVE AN EXTREMELY VALUABLE COLLECTION OF WHITE JADE AND JEWELS HE IS PURCHASING FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT. VIC IS TO MEET CAPTAIN BARRETT, OF THE CHINESE SERVICE, AND RECEIVE THE VALUABLES FROM HIM AND BRING THEM SAFELY TO NEW YORK.

HOWEVER THE SIMPLICITY OF THIS PLAN IS COMPLICATED BY STRANGE AND DEADLY EVENTS IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING WHITE JADE.



AT LA GUARDIA FIELD---

GOT YOU HERE JUST IN TIME. YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN, CUTTER. REMEMBER I'M COUNTING ON YOU.

DON'T WORRY, MR. ASHLEY. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

MR. CUTTER,
YOUR DOG
IS IN THE
BAGGAGE
COMPART-
MENT!



HOURS LATER THE PLANE CIRCLES OVER SAN FRANCISCO...



AT THE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL ---

SORRY YOU HAD TO BE COOPED UP IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, ERIE, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY...

MR. ASHLEY, I'M STEVE BARRETT, WIRED ME TO MEET YOU HERE. I HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM AT MY PLACE AND WE'LL TRANSACT OUR BUSINESS MORE CONVENIENTLY THERE.





I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME VIC... IT'S LATER THAN I EXPECTED...

THE LIGHTS ARE ON IN YOUR APARTMENT... DON'T TELL ME THAT LUM CHOW WAITED UP FOR US...?

LUM CHOW! HE'S... DEAD!

ERIE!

THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE WHITE JADE! THEY MUST HAVE USED THAT HATCHET ON LUM CHOW!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THE ALLEY!

LOOK! TIRE TRACKS! THEY GO DOWN HILL... SEE?

YES, THAT'S CHINATOWN!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE... SAY, YOUR OOG IS COMING AROUND!

THEY MUST HAVE USED A BLACKJACK ON HIM. POOR FELLOW!

LATER...

THE POLICE ARE HERE, VIC.
HELLO, CAPTAIN GRADY!

HELLO, BARRETT!
WELL, WELL, QUITE A MESS.
GET TO WORK MEN...

STEVE BARRETT TELLS CAPTAIN GRADY ALL HE KNOWS...

THE WHITE JADE WAS STOLEN BUT THEY DIDN'T GET THE MORE VALUABLE JEWELS... LUM CHOW AND I TOOK SPECIAL CAUTION WHEN HIDING THEM. IT... WE FOUND NO FINGERPRINTS ON IT!

DID YOU EVER SEE A HATCHET LIKE THIS BEFORE... IT'S ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN HANDLE



SHE SEEMS TO BE
IN A HURRY. THAT
SHOPPING SHE HAS
TO DO MUST BE
VERY IMPORTANT...

PHONING ASHLEY CAN WAIT,
THIS GIRL KNOWS WHERE
SHE'S GOING AND IT'S
NOT SHOPPING!

SHE'S SHOPPING IN FRONT
OF "ROY FANG'S IMPORTS"
SHE'S LOOKING AROUND TO
SEE IF ANY ONE NOTICES HER
GOING IN ... THAT'S PLENTY
SUSPICIOUS FOR ME!



SONA SAID HE'S A DETECTIVE
FROM THE EAST... BUT HE
DOESN'T KNOW US. YOU COULD
HAVE KILLED HIM THE WAY
YOU HIT HIM BUT IT IS GOOD
THAT HE DID NOT
SEE YOU!

IT IS ENOUGH THAT
HE WAS SNOOPING.
GIVE HIM A
SLEEPING POTION,
THEN CARRY HIM TO
MEI LING'S HOTEL.

YES, MASTER. HE
WILL BE MOST
PUZZLED WHEN
HE AWAKENS!



WONG CARRIES VIC
THROUGH AN UNDERGROUND
PASSAGE TO THE HOTEL
OF MEI LING ---



DO NOT DISTURB HIM,
MEI LING, THE MASTER
WANTS HIM TO BE A
VERY CONFUSED MAN
WHEN HE COMES TO.



IT WILL
BE TAKEN
CARE OF,
WONG!

IT WAS DARK WHEN
VIC STARTED TO MOVE...

OOOOOOHHH!
MY HEAD... FEELS
LIKE THE SAN FRANCISCO
EARTHQUAKE. WHERE
AM I ???



IT'S DARK OUT...
HOW LONG HAVE I
BEEN HERE?... THIS IS
SOME CHEAP HOTEL...
I'VE GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE.



VIC STAGGERS DOWN TO THE LOBBY...

HOW DID I GET HERE?
YOU ARRIVED LAST NIGHT,
SIR! YOU HAD NO LUGGAGE
SO YOU PAID IN ADVANCE.
YOU REGISTERED, SIR!



IS THIS NOT
YOUR SIGNATURE
ON THE REGISTER,
SIR?

WHAT ???
YES, IT IS!

A VERY CLEVER STUNT...
FORGING MY SIGNATURE
FROM THE PAPERS IN MY
WALLET. IF I WERE A DRINK-
ING MAN I MIGHT HAVE
FALLEN FOR THIS CUTE
GAG... TRYING TO
CONFUSE ME, WERE
THEY...?



AT BARRETT'S APARTMENT...

VIC, YOU'VE
BEEN GONE
ALL DAY. I WAS
WORRIED... LET ME REST
A WHILE. I'M
STILL A LITTLE
DOPEY. HELLO,
ERIE, I'M GLAD
YOU'RE FEELING
BETTER...



VIC FELL FAST ASLEEP
AND WAS FINALLY AWAKENED
BY ERIE'S GROWLS ---

WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY.
SOMETHING HURT YOU?...
NO... WHAT IS IT...?



BARRETT'S GONE, THEY MUST
HAVE KIDNAPPED HIM... THE
REAR DOOR IS OPEN, LOOK
HERE, ERIE, IT'S BARRETT'S
SLIPPER. WE'RE GOING
TO FANG'S PLACE RIGHT
AFTER I TELL CAPTAIN
GRADY ABOUT BARRETT
AND WHERE WE'RE
GOING,



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

THIS IS FANG'S PLACE...
WHAT'S THAT, ERIE?
BARRETT'S OTHER SLIPPER
... WE WERE RIGHT. THEY
DID BRING HIM HERE!

ROY FANG
IMPORTS



LOCKED! WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO
CLIMB THAT WALL!



THERE'S A LIGHT ON THE
SECOND FLOOR. I'LL STACK UP
SOME OF THESE PACKING CASES
AND GIVE A LOOK.



THEY'VE GOT
BARRETT IN
THERE TIED UP
AND IT SEEMS
I'VE FELT THE
HAND OF THAT
MONGOLIAN
GIANT.



YOU BETTER TELL
ME WHERE YOU HAVE
HIDDEN THE JEWELS.
DON'T BE STUBBORN,
MR. BARRETT... WONG
HAS WAYS TO MAKE
YOU TALK.

YOU'LL
BE
WASTING
YOUR
TIME!
TALK!





NOW, SONA,
YOU MAKE LOUD
SCREAMS!

I'LL GIVE IT ALL
I HAVE, WONG!

THIS
HOAX
HAS
GONE
FAR
ENOUGH!







Case of the Whimsical Counterfeiter

by Paul Norton

Honest Joe's "Greatest Show on Earth," a second-rate carnival, was in full swing. Bill Bones and Bill Jr. stopped in front of a sideshow barker's stand.

"Hey, yay, lookee, folks," the barker shouted in a high nasal voice, "step right this way! See the great blue whale—the biggest fish in captivity! For just ten cents, one tenth of a dollar—. Hey, buddy, you and the kid wanna ticket, huh?"

"No, thanks," said Bill Sr.

"Let's see the big fish, pop," said Bill Jr.

"No! You're a bigger fish than that fake, if you fall for it. Come on. We'll ride the ferris wheel."

"Aw-ww, pop. Let's see the big fish," Bill Jr. insisted.

"Now there's a smart young man," sing-songed the barker, flashing a gold toothed smile. "He knows a good thing when he sees it."

Bill Bones pulled his snap-brim hat down solidier on his head, grabbed Bill Jr.'s hand and hurried away from the tent that held the "biggest fish in captivity."

"Why couldn't we see the big fish, pop?"

"Because it's phonier than a three dollar bill, that's why. Look, Bill, it's just a big, very dead whale that's nothing more than a whale skin stretched over a frame-work. Maybe it's even collapsible, or just painted canvas, for easier packing. It's a fake, see? You don't want to see no fake, do you?"

"Yes I do."

"They're robbers, I tell you—crooks!"

"Aw, pop," Bill Jr. protested. "You said you'd forget you was a cop for one night, and have fun . . ."

Bill was in a tough spot with his son's accusing eyes on him. He had promised they'd make it a real holiday—and it was the kid's birthday. But the whole situation was strictly against his moral and ethical principles. Bill Bones didn't

like himself, or his son, to be taken for a sucker any day of the week.

"Let's ride the ferris wheel first," he suggested, hoping the new interest would make the boy forget the alleged blue whale.

"Okay," agreed Little Bill. "Then we'll see the big fish?"

The crowds swirled around them, the steam calliope shrilled its holiday air, and the barkers shouted above the noise of it all.

Bill Jr.'s eyes sparkled with the excitement of youth. He was having fun. But Big Bill's feet hurt and he wished he would learn to keep his big mouth shut when it came to making promises. This whole carnival—cheaper and louder than most—looked like a big gyp racket, and it made him itch to check the honesty of the Wheels of Fortune, and other sucker games.

Suddenly he paused. Maybe the boy was right. Maybe he didn't have to be a copper every minute of his life. Was he getting too old, too suspicious, too cynical to be a boy again—even for a couple of hours?

He smiled at Little Bill, and it was a renewal of his earlier promise. How did he know that whale was a fake, even before he'd seen it? Well, he didn't know. He merely suspected.

They rode the ferris wheel, then Little Bill won a ten-cent jack-knife, after six ten-cent tries on a prize wheel. Bill was as excited, and prized the knife as if it was made of pearl handle and Sheffield steel. The boy had ten dollars to spend as he saw fit, and Bill Sr. promised himself he wouldn't interfere again.

"Now let's go see the three-dollar-bill fish," said Little Bill, when the wheel-man had handed over his change and the tinny knife.

"What do you mean—three-dollar-bill fish?"

"You said it was," the boy reminded his dad, "so we'll use this here three dollar bill to get it with."

"What? Hey, let me see that!" Big Bill commanded.

Bill Jr. handed it over. Bill Sr. stared at the green paper. He wiped his eyes carefully with the back of his hand, and looked again. A three dollar bill!"

"Where'd you get this? It's as phony as a-a—" Bill Bones stopped, fondering. He was at a complete loss. His favorite by-word was staring him in the eye. It was incredible, but there it was.

It was a beautiful example of the printer's and engraver's art, Huh! Some sense of humor this counterfeiter had . . .

"W-what's the matter, pop?"

"Uh, wait right here, son. Don't move a step. I got to make a phone call, then we're going to take in everything that 'Honest Joe' has to offer in the way of entertainment. Be back in a minute."

"You bet," Little Bill agreed.

Bill Bones hurried to the nearest telephone booth. He closed the door carefully and dialed a number. He waited a moment as the instrument buzzed at the other end of the line.

"Hello—? Chief? Yeah, Bill Bones. Say, I've stumbled into something as phony as a . . . something darned fishy out here at the carnival. My kid got a three dollar bill in change—yes, a three dollar bill. Sure, I'll look for you—be waiting with my kid."

He slammed the receiver back on its hook and hurried outside.

Little Bill wasn't where he'd left him. "Where the heck did that kid go to?" Bill muttered uneasily, his eyes searching through the crowd, looking for Little Bill's bright red hair.

It wasn't like the kid to walk off when he said he'd wait, but you never can tell about a kid at a carnival . . .

Big Bill began a systematic search. He covered the midway from one end to the other. He enquired of barkers, he asked people in the crowd if they had seen a red-headed kid running around loose.

Bill Bones was worried now. The sweat was popping out on his forehead and he cursed uneasily under his breath. He glanced at his watch. It was fifteen minutes since he had phoned the Chief of Police. He should be getting out here any minute now.

Big Bill wracked his brain. Where would the

youngster want to go? Why, to the *blue whale*, of course! Momentarily, relief flooded through him, and he started at a trot toward the whale tent.

The barker was not out in front. That was odd . . . He hurried inside, just in time to see a red head pop out through a hole rent in the side of the fake whale. A knife blade flashed in the boy's hand.

"Bill!" he shouted, and ran forward, reaching for him, but the kid was jerked back inside the whale before Big Bill could grab him.

Big Bill ripped the painted fabric side of the whale wide open with his bare hands. He charged inside.

Little Bill, his ten-cent knife in his hand, was trying to fight off three men. They were trying to tie him to a chair.

Big Bill let out a bellow and waded into the crooks, his big fists smacking solidly. The sideshow barker went down, out cold from a blow to the jaw. A couple of punches put the gyp-wheel man to sleep. "Honest Joe," owner of the crooked carnival, pulled an automatic from under his coat. Little Bill grabbed the chair and bashed it over Honest Joe's head before he could pull the trigger. The carnival owner dropped the gun and crumpled into a heap.

Breathing hard, Big Bill looked around. Stacks of new currency, fives, tens and twenties, lay in neat stacks on the table. A small printing press was installed to one side. It was a sweet set-up. Who would suspect that counterfeiters were carrying on their crooked business from the inside of a whale on exhibition.

Little Bill walked up to his dad, his face a mask of disillusionment. "Cee whiz, pop—it sure is a fake. Just like you said." He pointed a finger at the slumbering barker. "He was looking for that three dollar bill, wanted to get it back. I heard enough after he grabbed me and brought me here, that that bill was made just for a gag. Funny sense of humor he's got."

"Yeah," agreed Big Bill, grinning at his son. "Quite a sense of humor—but I don't think Uncle Sam will appreciate the joke."

The wail of a siren sounded outside, coming closer.

"That'll be the Chief," Big Bill said. "We sure got a fine bunch of 'suckers' for him—and on ice, too!"

Minnie Soo

with
LITTLE HAHA
and
TONKA

DON'T YOU
THINK WE HAVE COME
TOO FAR FROM THE
VILLAGE, LITTLE HAHA?
WE ARE NEAR THE
WIKOTA COUNTRY, AND
THEY ARE OUR
ENEMIES!

BUT THERE ARE
A LOT OF GOOD BIRCH
TREES UP HERE —
AN' WELL NEED BIG
STRIPS OF BIRCH BARK
FOR THE CANOE
WE'RE GONNA
MAKE!



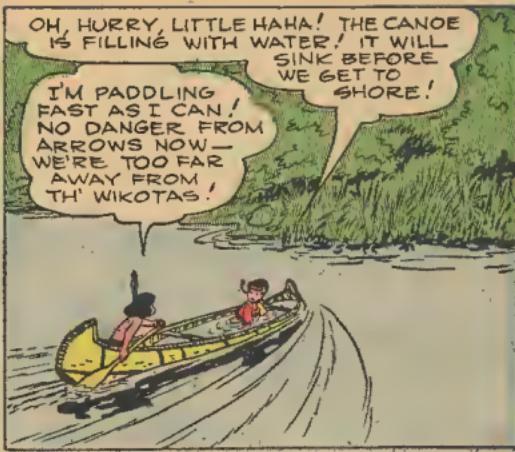
THE BIRCH TREES ARE
OVER THAT WAY! WE'LL
TEAR OFF ENOUGH STRIPS
FOR WHAT WE NEED —
AN' THEN HURRY
BACK!

HOWEVER, AT THIS TIME, TWO ENEMY WIKOTAS
SEE MINNIE AND LITTLE HAHA APPROACHING
ON THEIR QUEST FOR BIRCH BARK . . .

LOOK! SMALL FRY SOO!
IT WOULD BE GREAT SPORT
TO CAPTURE THEM AND
BRING THEM
BACK TO VILLAGE!

WE TAKE
'EM!





AT THAT MOMENT,
TONKA, OUT HUNTING
FOR MINNIE AND
LITTLE HAHA, SEES
THE COLUMN OF
SMOKE!

HMM! SMOKE RISES
NEAR NEST LAKE!
SOME BODY
THERE!
MAYBE
KIDS OR
WIKOTAS!

THE KIDS
WENT OUT
THAT WAY!
TONKA WILL
GO LOOK SEE!
MAY BE
SIGNAL FOR
DANGER!
MAY BE FROM
FIRE SET BY
MINNIE AND
LITTLE HAHA!
IF SO, THEY
ARE FOOLISH
TO LET
ENEMIES
KNOW WHERE
THEY ARE!

MINNIE, IF WE CAN
SNEAK OFF TH'
ISLAND BEFORE
TH' WIKOTAS GET
WISE, WE CAN GO
BACK THROUGH
TH' OUTLET—
WHW! THIS
CANOE IS HEAVY!
WISH YOU WERE
A BOY, ... YOU
COULD HELP
ME!

WE'RE SOON
THERE!
YES! DOWN
THERE IS
THE OTHER
SHORE!

THEY QUICKLY CAULK
THE CANOE WITH
CLAY AND GRASS!

NOW! WE'RE SET
TO GO, IT'S
GETTIN' DARK!
LET'S HOPE TH'
WIKOTAS ARE
GETTIN' SET TO
CAMP FOR TH'
NIGHT!

I'M
SCARED!
THE
WIKOTAS, IF
THEY ARE
WATCHING
FOR US,
WILL KNOW
WE ARE
HEADING FOR
THE OUTLET,
AND WILL LAY IN
WAIT FOR
US!

HAH! JUST AS I, BULL HEAD, SAID,
THE SMALL FRY LEAVE
THE ISLAND!

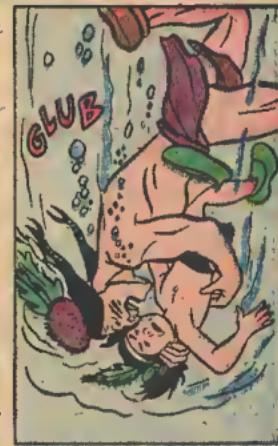
GOOD! WE
CATCH 'EM GOOD
AT THE OUTLET!
COME! THEY
CAN'T ESCAPE
NOW!

YOU GRAB BOY!
I TAKE THE
LITTLE SQUAW!

GET 'EM
QUICK! DON'T
LET 'EM
CRY FOR
HELP!

WHEN THEY GET
BELOW US—
DROP ON 'EM!

THE WIKOTAS CACHE'
THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS—
AND GET READY FOR ACTION!



When the Wikota and Little Haha come to the surface...

Tonka comes upon the scene as the Wikotas carry the limp forms of the Soo to shore!



THE CAPTORS BEACH
THE PATCHED CANOE
AND PLAN TO USE IT.
THEY ARE UNAWARE
OF ITS LEAKY
CONDITION!

CANOE STRONG!
IT WILL TAKE US
CROSS LAKE. LEAVE
NO TRACKS!



TO SNEAK IN
CLOSE WITHOUT
BEING SEEN,
TONKA WILL
TOSS THIS ROCK OVER
TO SIDE TO FOOL
WIKOTAS!



THE CRASHING DRAWS
THEIR ATTENTION AWAY
FROM WHERE TONKA
APPROACHES!

WAH! SOO!
QUICK!
RIGHT THE
CANOE!



THE WIKOTAS SHOVE THEIR
CAPTIVES INTO THE CANOE
AND SHOVE OFF, LEAVING
THEIR BOWS AND ARROWS
BEHIND THEM!

WE MUST GO ACROSS
THE LAKE AND UP THE
INLET, THEN WE WILL BE
SAFE IN OUR COUNTRY.
HURRY! BEFORE SOO
REACH US WITH ARROWS!



TONKA RUNS DOWN TO SHORE, BUT HE
IS TOO LATE TO STOP THE
QUICK-ACTING CAPTORS!

TONKA!
HELP!



TONKA SWIMS OUT
UNDER WATER,
SPEEDILY OVERTAKING
THE FLEEING CANOE!



STREAKING LIKE A
DEMON FISH, HE
COMES UNDERNEATH
THE CANOE, AND
GRABS FOR THE
FLASHING PADDLE!







BUBBLES RISE TO THE SURFACE AS THE TWO ARE IN A TITANIC LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE, DEEP IN THE WATERS OF THE LAKE !.



AFTER A LONG, DESPERATE MOMENT, THE SOO KIDS SEE A LONE FIGURE WADE WEARILY IN TO SHORE! IT IS TONKA!

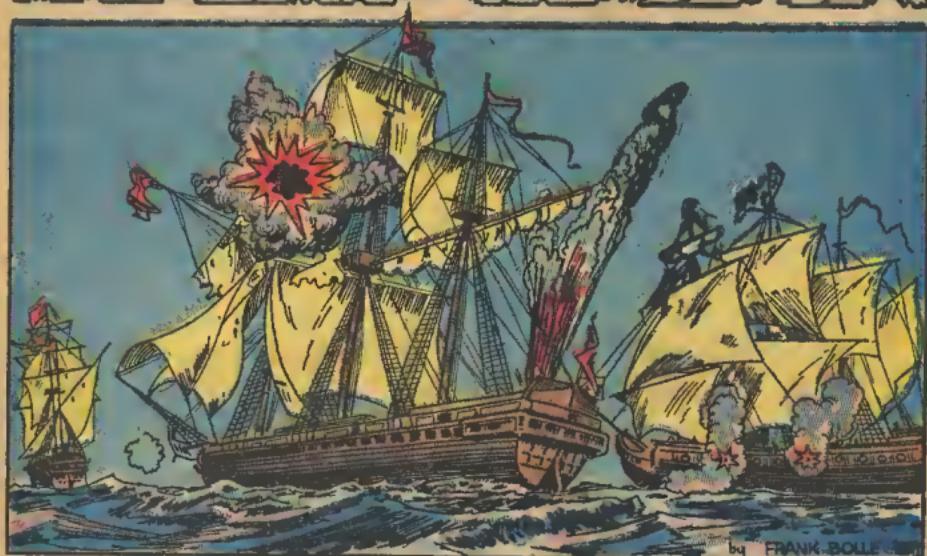


BART STEWART

AND THE "WHITECREST"

THE "PORPOISE" AND THE "WHITECREST" SAILED FROM ENGLAND WITH A CARGO OF ENGLISH GOODS. A HUNDRED MILES FROM PHILADELPHIA THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A FRENCH FRIGATE. THE "PORPOISE" ESCAPED BUT THE "WHITECREST" WAS DISABLED BY THE FRENCH.

WHEN THE "PORPOISE" ARRIVES IN PHILADELPHIA - CAPTAIN ARNOLD TELLS BART OF THE MISHAP...



by FRANK BOLL

IN CAPTAIN ARNOLD'S CABIN ON THE "PORPOISE".

SO THAT'S THE STORY, MR. STEWART. THE "WHITECREST" HAD TO SURRENDER OR THE CREW WOULD HAVE BEEN SLAUGHTERED!

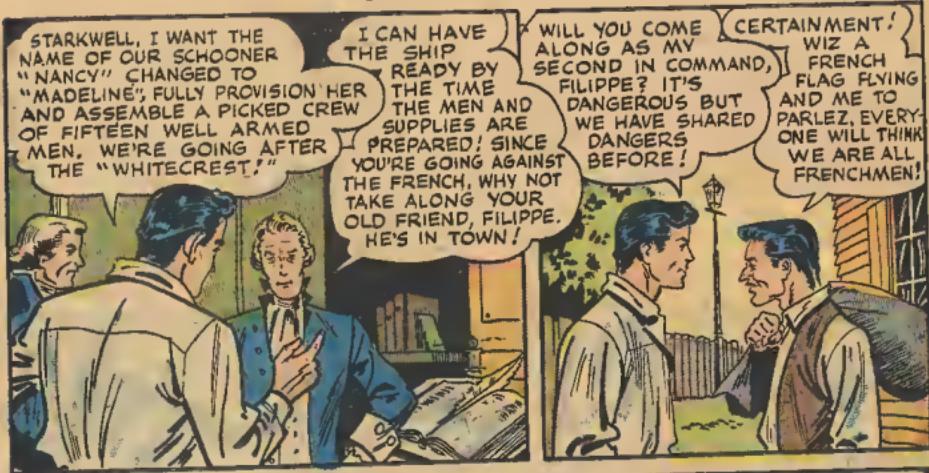
WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS DONE WITH THE "WHITECREST" AND THE CREW?

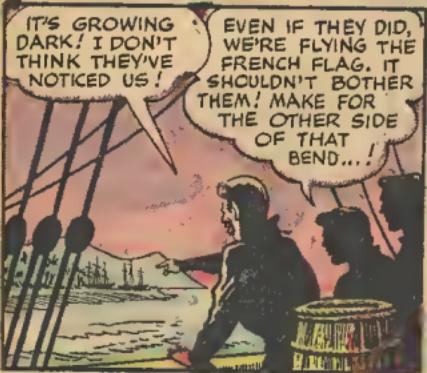
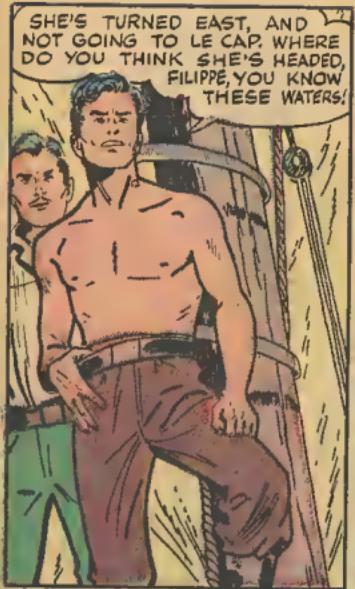


THE FRENCHIES PROBABLY PUT A PRIZE CREW ABOARD, AND BATTENED OUR MEN IN THE HOLD, AS I GUESS I WOULD SAY THEY SAILED FOR THE NEAREST FRENCH POSSESSION IN THE WEST INDIES TO MAKE REPAIRS. PROBABLY ST. DOMINIQUE, WHICH IS NEAREST!

WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! IT'S BAD TO LOSE THE SHIP, BUT I HATE TO THINK OF OUR MEN ROTTING IN A FRENCH PRISON!







THEY'VE ALMOST FINISHED REPAIRING THE BROKEN MAIN MAST. THAT MEANS WE WILL HAVE TO ACT FAST, FILIPE. YOU AND THE MEN WAIT HERE TILL I RETURN! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THE "WHITECREST" CREW IS IMPRISONED!



BART STEALS SILENTLY INTO THE FRENCH CAMP...



THERE THEY ARE IN THAT STONE HUT! THEY ARE TOO WELL GUARDED FOR ME TO GET NEAR ENOUGH TO GET A MESSAGE TO THEM. BUT AS LONG AS I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE I CAN MAKE PLANS FOR THEIR ESCAPE!



BART RETURNS TO HIS MEN---

THE CREW IS STRONGLY GUARDED IN A STONE HUT, AND MOST OF THE FRENCH ARE ASHORE. AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK WE GO INTO ACTION!

WHAT EVER YOU SAY, BART!



AS DARKNESS FALLS BART SWIMS OUT TO THE "WHITECREST"...



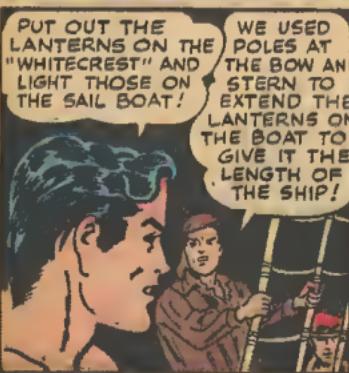
WITHOUT A SOUND BART STEWART CLIMBS ABOARD HIS SHIP---



I MUST PREVENT THE NIGHT-WATCH FROM FIRING A SHOT OF WARNING!

WHAT EES ZAT?





AND THEY LEAVE THE
SMALL SAILING VESSEL
ANCHORED IN IT'S PLACE
WITH A FEW LANTERNS
PLACED AS THEY WERE
ON THE "WHITECREST"...

... THUS MAKING THE FRENCH
ON THEIR FRIGATE BELIEVE THAT
NOTHING HAS BEEN CHANGED...

EVERY THING
IS WELL, SIR!

GOOD!
BON SOIR!

WE WERE
LUCKY TO
HAVE A
MOONLESS
NIGHT!
WE'RE
WELL OUT
OF SIGHT
NOW!



IT'S TAKEN US
MORE THAN AN HOUR
TO ROW AROUND
THE BEND - BUT
WE HAVE THE
SHIP AND CARGO!

YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW
WE MUST FREE
THE CREW!



BART'S MEN WITH PISTOLS AND SWORDS
TREK THROUGH THE TROPICAL JUNGLE...



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO, MEN!
WE'RE BEHIND THE FRENCH CAMP!
YOU CAN ALL REST TILL WE
GET THE SIGNAL!

IT WILL
BE DAWN
IN AN HOUR
OR SO!



ON THE FRENCH FRIGATE AS DAWN
BREAKS ACROSS THE CARIBBEAN SEA...



BON
JOUR!
GOOD MORNING,
SIR! WITH THIS
MIST IT IS DIFFICULT
TO SEE THE CAPTURED
SHIP. BUT THE
BREEZE SEEMS
TO BE GETTING
STRONGER!

MEANTIME TWO OF BART'S CREW,
FILIPPE AND GEORGE, ARE WAITING
ABOARD THE SMALL SAILING VESSEL,
"MADELINE" ---

BART AND THE
OTHERS SHOULD BE
BEHIND THE ENEMY
BY NOW!

THE WIND IS
GETTING MUCH
STRONGER, FILIPPE!
LET'S NOT WAIT
ANY LONGER!

THE TWO MEN WEIGH ANCHOR...



ON THE FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR ---

MON
DIEU!
THAT IS NOT
THE "WHITECREST"!

THAT SAIL-BOAT IS
COMING STRAIGHT
AT US, SIR?



BACK ON THE MADELINE ---

I'VE LIT THE FUSES TO
THE GUN POWDER KEGS,
FILIPPE!

GOOD
WORK,
GEORGE,
ABANDON
SHIP!



...AND SPEEDILY THEY ROW AWAY.



THE "MADELINE" CRASHES INTO THE FRENCH FRIGATE AND EXPLODES...



BACK OF THE FRENCH CAMP...

THERE'S THE EXPLOSION! THAT'S THE SIGNAL! THE FRENCH ARE IN A PANIC! LET'S GO MEN!



GET OUT TO THE SHIP AND PUT OUT THE FIRE! HURRY! REMOVE THE FOOD SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION!

YES, SIR!

OUI, M'SIEU!



WHILE THE FRENCH ARE ROWING OUT TO THE BURNING SHIP BART AND HIS MEN POUR INTO THE CAMP...



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO MEN!

RIGHTO!

IT'S BART STEWART!

THEY'RE GOING TO FREE US!



THE "WHITECREST" CREW IS
SET FREE...



BART'S MEN FIRING FROM
SHORE DELAY THE FRENCH...



I SURE
HATE TO LEAVE
A GOOD FIGHT!
BART!

SO DO I, BUT WE DIDN'T
COME TO BATTLE. WE
CAME TO RESCUE OUR
MEN AND SAVE OUR
SHIP AND CARGO!



THERE'S
NO MORE
RESISTANCE
ON SHORE,
SIR!

GOOD!
FIRE AT THE
FRENCH IN THE
ROW BOATS WE
DON'T WANT THEM
TO PUT OUT THAT
FIRE!

THE FRENCH
WILL NEVER...
FORGET THIS
SURPRISE!

WHO ARE THOSE
PESTS ON SHORE?
OPEN FIRE ON
THOSE SCOUNDRELS!

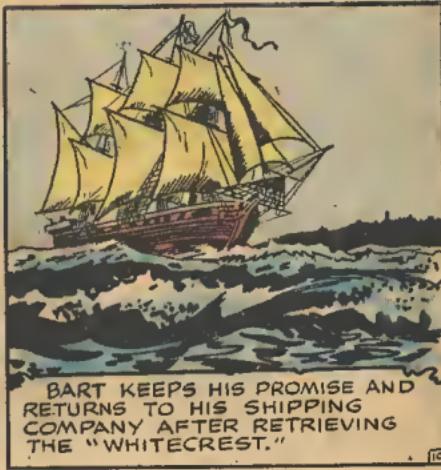


THAT CANNON
FIRE IS TOO
CLOSE! LET'S
RETREAT! WE
DON'T
WANT ANY
CASUALTIES!



BESIDES WE'VE LEFT
THE "WHITECREST" UNGUARDED!
AND THERE MAY BE OTHER
FRENCH FRIGATES IN
THESE WATERS!





New York State

New York County

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Crown Comics published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for April 20, 1948

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. McCombs who, having duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Crown Comics and the following, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 2, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations. 1.—That the name and address of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher, McCombs Publications Inc., 1775 Broadway, New York, 19, N. Y. Editor, Lucile E. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York. Business Manager, William A. McCombs, 1775 Broadway, New York, 19.—2.—That the owner is McCombs Publications, Inc., 1775 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Lucile E. McCombs, William A. McCombs, 223 West 23rd Street, New York 4, N. Y.—That the two paragraphs next

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WILLIAM A. McCOMBS

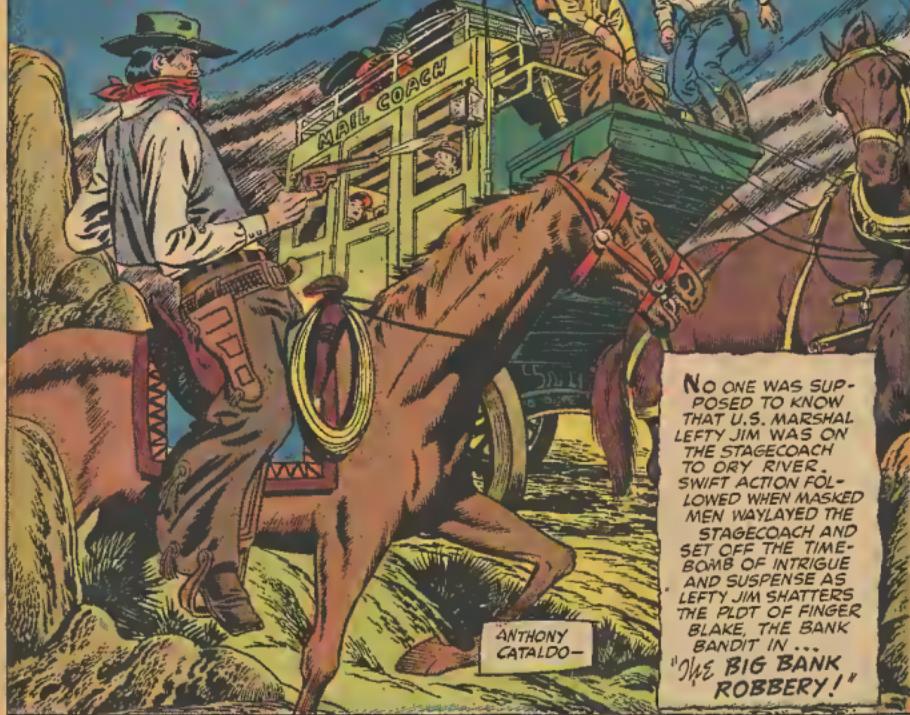
Name Business Manager

* Title
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21 day of April, 1948

IDA BOKAT

Notary Public in the State of New York. Residing in Bronx County, Bronx Co Clik's No. 162, Reg. No. 325-B-9
Certificates Filed in N. Y. Co. Clik's No. 455, Reg. No. 958-B-9 Commission Expires March 30, 1949.

LEFTY JIM - U.S. MARSHAL



HELLO, RUSTY! WELL, I'VE BEEN
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT?
ON THE LOOKOUT EVER SINCE YOU
SENT ME HERE AND
I'M SURE THIS FELLER,
BARTON, IS OUR MAN!

I FOLLOWED
THEM TO THEIR
HIDEOUT AND I
SAW BARTON
SPLIT THE
LOOT!

I DON'T THINK
THEY CAME HERE
TO HIDE. WATCH
THEM CLOSELY AND
KEEP OUR HORSES
SADDLED AND READY!
I'M GOING TO SEE
JUDGE BARROW!

THAT NIGHT JIM GOES VISITING...



HOW ARE YOU, JUDGE?
I CAME AS SOON AS
I GOT YOUR LETTER!

HOWDY, JIM! YOU
REMEMBER MY
DAUGHTER, IRENE--
BUT--COME IN AND SIT
DOWN. I'VE GOT A LOT
TO TELL YOU!

WELL, JIM, AS YOU KNOW THERE HAS
BEEN A LOT OF BANK LOOTING LATELY
AROUND THESE PARTS. WELL THIS FELLOW,
BARTON, WHO HAS RECENTLY MOVED IN
HAS ME WORRIED. HE'S KEEPING
COMPANY WITH A LOT OF BAD MEN.
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A RICH
CATTLE RANCHER-- BUT I
DOUBT IT!



YOUR SUSPICIONS ARE
RIGHT, JUDGE. THIS FELLOW,
BARTON, IS NONE OTHER
THAN "FINGER BLAKE",
NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER.
THIS TIME WE'LL GET HIM! BY
THE WAY, DID ANYBODY
KNOW I WAS COMING
HERE?

ONLY THE
SHERIFF
AND YOUR
MAN, RUSTY!
WHY?

IT'S NOT A SECRET
ANYMORE, THE MAIL
COACH WAS ATTACKED AND
ONLY FOR THE PURPOSE
OF ELIMINATING ME! SOME
ONE MUST HAVE TOLD
BARTON! NOW I'M
CONVINCED THEY'RE
HERE TO PULL A JOB!

IF WE ONLY KNEW
WHAT THEY HAVE
IN MIND... BUT
WITH YOU AROUND,
I'M NOT AFRAID.
SO LONG AND
GOOD LUCK!



BACK IN BARTON'S ROOM ACROSS
THE HALL FROM RUSTY'S...

GET ALL THE MEN
TOGETHER AT THE
CABIN. WE HAVE
TO ACT FAST!...

...AND YOU, JONES, STICK
AROUND AND KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN FOR LEFTY
JIM!

AS JIM WAITS IMPAT-
IENTLY FOR RUSTY'S
RETURN...

THEY'RE HEADING FER
THE HIDEOUT IN
ROCKY CANYON. JIM!

THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE
TO FIND OUT WHAT
THEY ARE UP TO!
LET'S GET THE
HORSES AND
"FOLLOW THEM!"

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANY-
WHAR, FELLERS! I WAS
TOLD TO ENTERTAIN THE
OCCUPANTS OF ROOM 19!

WE DON'T LIKE RATS FOR
COMPANY! COME ON, RUSTY.
LET'S GO!

UGGHH!

WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST!
LOOKS LIKE BARTON
FOUND OUT YOU ARE
WORKING FOR ME!

WE BETTER HIDE THE
HORSES HERE AND WALK
THE REST OF THE WAY. IT'S
GETTING DARK AND WE'RE
ALMOST THAR!

LET'S KEEP UNDER COVER UNTIL WE CAN GET A BETTER LOOK AT THE SURROUNDINGS!



HOLD IT, RUSTY! THERE'S A MAN RIGHT ABOVE US. THROW A STONE IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. WE MIGHT DISTRACT HIM!



WHO GOES THAR!



TAKE CARE OF HIM AND KEEP ME COVERED, RUSTY! I'M GOING TO TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE CABIN!



YOU, SHERIFF, GIT OUT OF TOWN AS USUAL. WE'LL LOOT THE BANK AT EXACTLY TWELVE TONIGHT!



NO WONDER THERE'S BEEN SO MANY ROBBERIES! THE SHERIFF HAS THROWN IN WITH THE GANG! I MUST GET BACK TO TOWN IN A HURRY!







YOU CAN HAVE MUCH MORE FUN THAN THESE CHILDREN ARE HAVING BY TRYING TO FIND AT LEAST 40 DIFFERENT OBJECTS IN THIS PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "P".



GIRLS! IT'S THE WONDERFUL NEW BEAUTY TRIX WALLET

It's the new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET

HOLDS
YOUR
MONEY,
PLUS!

HOLDS
YOUR
GLAMOUR
TOOLS

IT'S GENUINE LEATHER AND
IT'S GOT EVERYTHING

only
\$1.98

plus
fed. tax

Such a smart looking wallet . . . so stream lined . . . you'll hardly believe it holds so much and costs so little—only \$1.98! But it's all true! Tuck your real-leather BEAUTY TRIX into your pocket or clip on your belt—a snap will hold it tight. Then you're all set! Your precious valuables all safe! Your beauty all tip top! No wonder smart girls are crazy about BEAUTY TRIX. You'll love it!



FASTENS SMARTLY
ON YOUR BELT
FOR CAREFREE,
CASUAL COMFORT

FULL LENGTH
BILLFOLD

FREE
COMB,
MIRROR
AND
FILE

VIEWERS
FOR 8 PHOTOS
OR CARDS

DOES EVERYTHING USEFUL

A simulated gold chain holds your keys, a leather lined compartment holds folding money and an "accordion-pleated" outside change purse holds your silver—lots of it! Snap-buttoned for safe, easy opening. And LOOK! See snug frame packet for identity card. See 4 transparent celluloid windows to hold 8 more cards! Or 8 "snaps" of your honey! Or what you like!

DOES MOST EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL

So different from old timey wallets, new BEAUTY TRIX knows you're a modern glamour girl! Has mirror, comb and nail file, an elastic holder for your lipstick . . . fits any size, holds it tight! Feel easy and look lovely with BEAUTY TRIX. A thrilling buy!

LOOKS HANDSOME, TOO

Friends will think it costs twice as much! Of really genuine leather—amazing at this price—and so well made, well finished. IN STUNNING COLORS—GERANIUM RED, FOREST GREEN, BROWN, BLACK.

INSPECT IT
10 DAYS
FREE!

Just mail coupon and we'll
deliver postman only
\$1.98 plus postage and fed.
tax. Or, TO SAVE POSTAGE,
enclose \$2.38 now with coupon.
If you're not thrilled—if
friends aren't impressed—
just return BEAUTY TRIX in 10
days and get money back.
Mail coupon NOW! ONLY
\$1.98 plus fed. tax.

CHAIN
FOR
KEYS

HOLDER
FOR
LIPSTICK

FOLDS UP TRIM
'N SLIM

ROOMY
OUTSIDE
CHANGE
PURSE

SCOPE SALES CO., Dept. B11, 5 Beekman St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send me your new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET in color checked: GERANIUM RED
 FOREST GREEN BROWN BLACK
 On delivery I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage, and fed. tax.
 I enclose \$2.38. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If not delighted by new BEAUTY TRIX WALLET I'll return in 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Now YOU CAN HAVE
 DARING *New Look* BEAUTY
 WITH ALL-IN-ONE
TRIOLETTE

*It's All
 These*

{ 1-uplift bra
 2-waist nipper
 3-garter belt

Put your figure in style! Look feminine, curvaceous—instantly—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the right places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter what shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more than bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with

your glamorous
 "New Look"

figure. A cup, 32 to 36.
 B cup, (larger) 32 to 38.
 Blue, white or nude.

BE SMARTLY
 STRAPLESS OR
 WEAR STRAPS
 ALSO
 INCLUDED



For That
 Thrilling
 NEW LOOK

Have **Tiny Waist
 -Full Bosom
 FIGURE**

\$595

- BLUE
- WHITE
- NUDE

SEND ON 10-DAY APPROVAL

**WILCO CO., Dept. 668-N
 45 East 17th St., New York**

Rush your new TRIOLETTE for \$5.95. CUP _____ SIZE _____
 Send C.O.O. I will pay postage. I enclose \$5.95. You pay postage

1st Color Choice

2nd Color Choice

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

I understand if not delighted with TRIOLETTE I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Costs so little

MAIL COUPON NOW!

MAKE YOUR CHILD HAPPY!

READ THIS
SENSATIONAL OFFER!



YOU would think TWEENY alone would cost \$5.98. So big! So real! Imagine the fun your child will have giving TWEENY her bottle and changing her diapers, for TWEENY really—feeds from her bottle—and really wets like any baby will.

She's adorable, too...with such chubby pink cheeks, natural-looking plastic head, long eyelashes, deep, lifelike, blue; sparkling eyes that open and close, movable legs, and a body of soft rubber skin lifelike to the touch that looks, feels and washes like baby. And when time for TWEENY to bathe and get dolled up...there's her combination bath tub and dressing table plus complete change of outfit—all part of this TWEENY NURSERY SET—all included without extra cost in this extraordinary \$5.98 offer! You have to see it to appreciate the value.

TWEENY'S FOLDING BATH TUB and DRESSING TABLE
stands on portable solid frame 1 1/2 in. high, and has water proof tub for bathing baby and foldaway top for diapering and dressing. A darling tub fitted even with special pockets to hold soap and washcloth. TWEENY'S 12-PIECE LAYETTE packed in cellulose, includes bottle and nipple, cute play suit, extra diaper, 4 powder puffs, white rayon silk socks, cunning white shoes all to make TWEENY beautiful and mother proud!

Get this wonderful TWEENY set...now...for the most wonderful little girl in the world! TWEENY is practically indestructible...and with her comes also the privilege of subscribing, if you wish, to the Doll Outfit of the Month—a joy to every doll mother!

All for
\$5.98



TWEENY

The Doll That Drinks!
Wets! With Skin
Like Real Baby's!

with this sensational TWEENY NURSERY SET that gives her everything she loves and wants for "playing mother". Never before has a doll with wonderful baby-like skin, elastic—unbreakable washable head—been offered at this low price—with Baby Bath and Dressing Table combination and layette too—SEE HER DRINK FROM NER BOTTLE—WET NER DIAPERS—GET A BATH—GO TO SLEEP!



BATH TUB and
DRESSING
TABLE
COMBINATION
Lift Top
For Tub
Beneath

SEND NO
MONEY

12 PIECE
LAYETTE

RUSH
COUPON
NOW

You need not risk one penny! Just mail coupon for TWEENY NURSERY SET and on delivery pay postman \$5.98 plus parcel post charges or save charges by enclosing \$6.00 with coupon. When you open this big package, if you aren't as thrilled as your little girl will be herself, then return it in 10 days for full refund of your purchase price. But don't delay. BE SURE to make your little girl happy! Mail this coupon ... TODAY!

FUN FOR CHILDREN

45 East 17th St., Dept. 28II, New York 3, N.Y.

Send TWEENY NURSERY SET—doll, bath tub, layette. I will pay postman \$5.98 plus C.O.D. and handling on delivery, if not completely delighted, will return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

I enclose \$6.00 for TWEENY NURSERY SET, send prepaid. Some money-back guarantee.